OREGON VOICE

THE KITSCH ISSUE

MAGAZINE

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oregonvoice@gmail.com

meetings
WEDNESDAY @ 7 P.M.
IN THE ROAR CENTER
(GROUND FLOOR OF THE EMU)

LETTERS FROM THE EDITORS

Last week my best friend told me that she's at least a little bit scared of every Mosman sister. All of us. Even me. She says we look and talk the same and that we're—uh, the word she used was "powerful." You should all watch Jerrod Carmichael's stand-up special on HBO because the first thing he says when he comes out on stage is "Are we going to be OK?" And the audience laughs. My uncle's obit for my grandmother is very beautifully written. He sort of writes like me. We both sort of write like my dad. My dad writes like my grandma and I don't know who my grandma wrote like but I don't think it was anyone, really. I think she was the beginning. I'm mad that Taylor Swift wrote a song about Kanye and called it "Mean" because people can be so mean sometimes in so many way worse ways. But not you. Not you. Oh man, what's there to say? We're all going through something really terrible, something really scary, literally everybody, all the time. Please be nice to each other. Please try to laugh.

-Dori Mosman, Co-Editor in Chief

While crying and eating 50% off chocolates out of a heart shaped box (it's the week after Valentine's Day), it came to me that kitsch, in its all ubiquitous forms, is kinda like porn— you know it when you see it, and that kitsch plays to the innermost sensibility for unironic appreciation of ironic content. You will be reading this letter much more than a week after Valentine's Day and I hope you will sincerely appreciate this sentiment, if for nothing else than for the snail pace of print media in the speed of modern life: a testament to kitsch in it of itself. As winter drags on and I start to wonder like I do every year if this has been the longest February ever, the weight of the world can feel especially heavy. My wish is for the energy of all these incredible artists and writers working together to translate into warmth for you.

-Miles Shepard, Co-Editor in Chief

official stuff

OREGON VOICE is published as many times as we want per academic year. Any and all official or unofficial nonsense can be directed to the ROAR Center in the EMU or to oregonvoice@gmail.com.

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OREGON VOICE is an arts and culture magazine that strives to genuinely and eccentrically express the University of Oregon's voice and its relationship to the Universe. The program, founded in 1989 and re-established in 2001, provides an opportunity for students to publish works of journalism, art, prose, poetry, and multimedia. Administration of the program is handled entirely by students.

art **LANEATE VANG**

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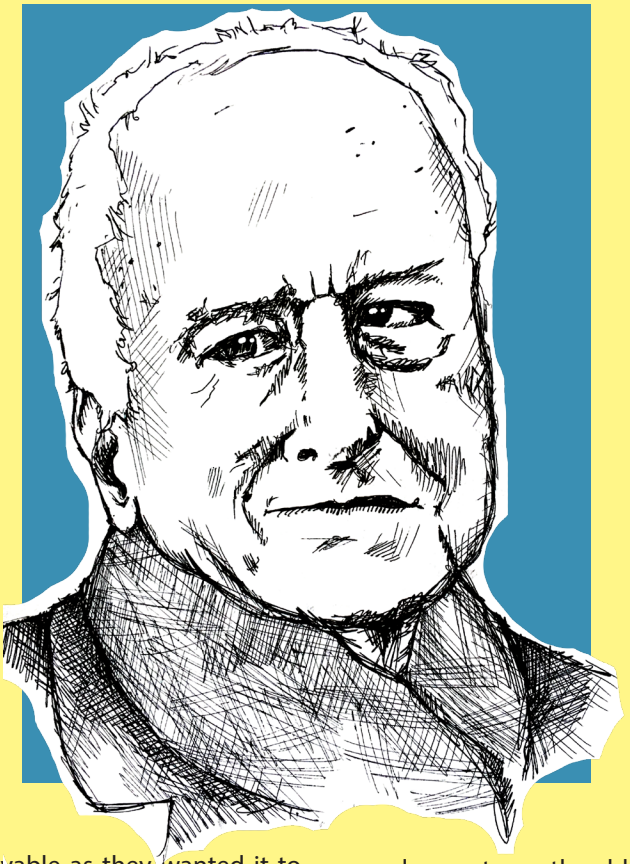
JAMES IVORY Q & A

words **KAYA NOTEBOOM**
art **ANNA MARIE BALDWIN**

James Ivory, a cinematic legend and trailblazer of queer film, visited our campus for the Queer Film Festival on February 4th to do a talk-back Q&A about his Oscar Nominated movie, "Call Me By Your Name."

If you haven't heard of it, you're either dead or homophobic. Those around campus who have were ecstatic about this event. The free screening and guest appearance drew multitudes of students and community members, to line up in the EMU. Alas, not everyone who wanted to be there got to go. I, however, did go and can give a pretty good summary of what James Ivory had to say to us lowly Ducks.



Q: Why did he choose to change so many significant parts from the book for the movie, like the coda at the end?

A: For one, Timothee Chalamet is a unique individual. They couldn't shoot the coda at the end because finding an actor to play him decades in the future wouldn't have been as believable as they wanted it to. More importantly, James Ivory believes the story of CMBYN to be about "joy and love." The end of the book that flashes forward felt like an "absence of it."

Q: What was it like on the UO campus in the 1950's, being a part of the queer community? What was the transition like between graduating from UO to the world?

A: Quite simply, there wasn't one-- or at least there wasn't one in the open. "It is was secret, but flourishing also." After graduating the school of architecture and fine arts, the plan was to the French cinema school in Paris. Unfortunately, due to the Korean war, Ivory had to stay in school in the states to avoid it. It took ten years for him to release his first feature film in India as a director.

Q: Being from Klamath Falls, Oregon, what made him want to travel the world?

A: He had a lifelong interest in world history and books that ignited his imagination, especially about France. Once he got to college, traveling abroad became a serious possibility and arranged a trip with a small group of other students to finally go and see France. Then, between travels post-college, he always found himself back in New York and one day looking out the window of a tall hotel thought to himself, "Hm. This is where I want to be," and moved there as soon as he could.

Q: Did he play a role in choosing the music?

A: No, he didn't. But he likes it very much.

Then, there was a question-- a comment really, proposed to "society at large," from an older gentleman in the audience. A comment like this was to be expected, considering the critical dialogue that has emerged from CMBYN's release, but this came off as abrasive and misguided nonetheless.

Q: "If that kind of relationship were to occur in America today, with the younger person being under 18 and four years difference between the two, in our society of sexual correctness, the older guy would be being prosecuted for child molestation."

A: James Ivory's response was, "No, no." He then pointed out that, in this case, it was actually the younger guy seducing the older one, which should be taken into account. "When such things come up, it ought to be said."

That concluded the Q&A. With that, we said farewell to our gay guest of honor and went our separate ways to our respective homes, in a daze and flurry of emotions.

SNOWGLOBE

Snowglobe is a unique survivalist festival experience that as far as I know isn't replicated anywhere else in the world. The festival site in South Lake Tahoe brimmed with pines and an open, glittering sky of stars. I was more than happy to bundle up in a Patagonia and fuzzy earmuffs that doubled as ear protection, but the warm temperatures this year and lack of snow made for an extremely muddy and wet environment that slicked everything I own with dirt.

It is a smaller festival, with an easy walking distance between stages, but sometimes the sound would become muddled or be too quiet if we weren't right by the speakers. There were three stages, two outdoor and one tent, the Igloo, where I ended up spending most of my time because it held the latest performances as well as a more intimate setting to see some of my favorite artists.

Fireworks, explosions, and lasers erupted from the Main Stage all three nights, but New Year's was over the top. Snowglobe is an all encompassing, challenging, and distinct festival experience that I would classify as a bucket list experience. Next year, I hope to experience it with snow, but I will definitely be back. There is nothing like it to ring in a new year with the people you love the most (your favorite electronic artists, plus maybe even some friends).

TOP FIVE SETS AT SNOWGLOBE 2017

Alison Wonderland

Alison Wonderland is an Australian, classically-trained fireball of energy, the perfect artist to say "fuck off, see you never" to 2017 and ring in the New Year. She is emotional, vocal, and deeply engaged with her audience during her sets. Her chart careening trap tracks become personal and captivating live. Not to mention, her remix of Dua Lipa's "New Rules" is the perfect vibe to enter a new year with. Listen to it on repeat, please, everyone.

Justin Jay and the Fantastic Voyage

Dirtybird producer and his band played my favorite set at the festival in the intimate and intoxicating Igloo Tent. His upbeat, funky tracks explore his emotional state of creating and struggling to create, a psychedelic, electronic acid trip that is timeless.

NoMbe

NoMbe, the German recording artist based out of Los Angeles, croons songs so California sunshine it instantly draws me back to hypnotizing summer days. NoMbe's classic sound is sultry and funky, with the perfect amount of deep electronic beats. I've seen NoMbe before, but this was the most intimate performance I've attended, and the energy between him, his all female band, and the audience in the Igloo stage was palpable.

TokiMonsta

At the beginning of her set, TokiMonsta, the Los Angeles producer told the frenzied crowd she would take us on a journey. Jennifer Lee, like her music, has been on quite a journey the past few years. After being diagnosed with the ultra-rare brain disease and losing her ability to read and hear, Lee channeled her healing into her music to create her newest album "Lune Rouge". Her passion and creativity, as well as the deeply personal nature of her music, was tangible in the air.

Oliver Tree

I can't decide if I like Oliver Tree's bowlcut, that he shares the same hometown as me, or his performance, but Tree brings an energetic humor to his set. Oliver Tree is an immersive, humorous and original experience, and he must have been sweating through his 80's esque, colorful ski suit as he rolled and cartwheeled around the stage. His songs "When I'm Down" and "Cheapskate" are the neon alternative, electronic, hip-hop genre bending interpersonal crises that make you want to groove.

words **IRIS KITTLESON**
art **KATIE COOPER**

KITSCH MANIFESTO

words **DORI MOSMAN**
art **ELI ROTH**

In the end it has to do with the suspension of disbelief. In case, like me, the last time you heard this phrase defined was in a sixth grade Language Arts class, here's a refresher: it's when you get to the part in "Hansel and Gretel" where the witch tries to roast them alive in her oven and you think, 'This doesn't seem realistic,' and your sixth grade Language Arts teacher tells you that if you're going to finish the story, if you're all going to finish the story and you have to before class ends in twenty minutes, then you need to pretend. Yes, pretend.

It's more than that. Technically speaking, you could popcorn-read all the way to the end of the Brothers Grimm booklet and after all is said and done and Hansel and Gretel have traversed their way home across the river on the back of a duck (ha), you could still spend the last ten minutes of sixth grade Language Arts class listing ways the story wasn't realistic. One duck could not withstand the weight of two young children. One witch could easily Expelliarmus her way out of a fourteenth-century oven. Why would the children's own mother want them dead? How come all the foxes and badgers and creatures of the wood didn't scarf down those crucial breadcrumbs the second they left Hansel's clammy hand instead of waiting like little churchgoers, like good Christians, till morning light?
What your sixth grade Language Arts teacher was trying to prevent when he asked you just for a minute or two longer to suspend your disbelief was this precise conversation. This right here, the 'What kind of structural integrity could a house built of gingerbread possibly have?' conversation. Because it isn't very fun. Because "Hansel and Gretel" is. To suspend one's disbelief means to set aside empirical concerns with what reality is or isn't in order to consume fiction the way it's supposed to be consumed. It means that to enjoy almost anything you have to pretend for a little while not to notice what's ridiculous about it.

That's kitsch. Sincerity beyond the confines of verisimilitude, silliness without shame. That's why almost all children's media is kitschy, but unlike fruity cereal and unmitigated joy it's not just for kids: kitsch is rom-coms where viewers accept that a junior staff writer at a women's mag no one's heard of lives alone in a three-bedroom SoHo loft, that the post-9/11 TSA has special bylaws allowing jilted lovers to race through airport security to stop Hannah (or Anna, or Dan) from boarding that plane to L.A., that someone who looks like Hugh Grant in the nineties would ever be single in the first place. Kitsch is anything ugly-cute, like 3D Christmas sweaters or handmade birthday gifts. It's feminine.* It's plebeian.* It's shared.*

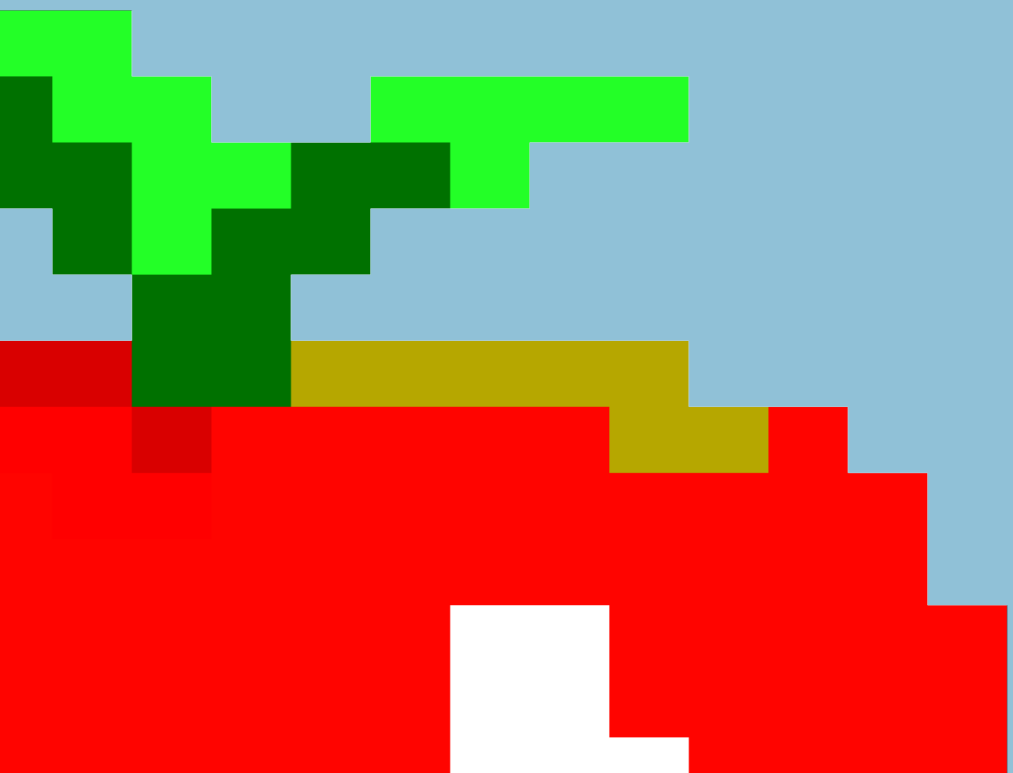
It's not always witches and ovens and aquatic white birds who symbolize innocence and the loss of innocence and possibly Christ the Lord. It's not always storybooks or rom-coms, either. Kitsch is a spectrum and it's a litmus test. For example: litmus tests are kitschy. Spectrums aren't.

All pop music is kitsch. All pop anything is kitsch.* Breakfast is kitsch, dinner isn't. Anything that aired on the BBC before 2013 is kitsch. New campus buildings are not kitsch. Irony and kitsch are frenemies, which is why Twilight is extremely kitschy but reading it ironically only sort of is.

Fevers and colds are kitsch but swine flu and [?] are kitschier. Cancers, both of the body and the soul, are not kitschy. Souls are very kitschy and bodies are not. All aphorisms, tropes, and sports metaphors are kitschy. McDonald's really isn't and neither is anything they sell except the Egg McMuffin, the queen of all kitsch cuisine.

The kitschiest thing a person can do in their lifetime is fall in love with another person. Hatred is pretty kitschy too, but love knocks down all the pins and takes home the trophy every time. Intertextuality and self-referentialism are faux-refined and all the more kitschy for it.

What else? Oh yeah, the animal kingdom. Let's see--eagles, swans, and peregrine falcons are decidedly not kitsch. Ducks, I hate to break it to you, are.



art **ALLISON SCHUKIS**

With God As My Witness I Will Cry Every Time The Funny Blonde Girl Gets Married

I have a long and personal history with the romantic comedy. I can remember every plot point of the 2006 Lindsay Lohan flop, Just my Luck, but not the name of the girl whose birthday party I saw it at. I spent approximately one third of my middle school life trying to convince my parents to watch 27 Dresses with me just one more time. I once went on a month-long quest to find a DVD copy of Music and Lyrics (RIP Blockbuster).

This obsession came to a head when I was sixteen and spent six months consuming every piece of media even tangentially related to Pride and Prejudice. I watched the Bollywood version, Bride and Prejudice, which features such heart-racing and sexy dialogue as "I'll email you." I watched Austenland, a movie about a woman whose love for Jane Austen consumes her entire adult life (which even in my teendom felt disturbingly prophetic.)

One fall night this quest brought me to the film Bridget Jones' Diary. It can be hard to recall formative adolescent experiences from the recesses of your mind- for me the memory of the first time I got to third base is slightly blurry due to the Strawberry Lemonade Burnettes that I had guzzled 2 hours prior. But I remember the first time I watched BJD with vivid memory.

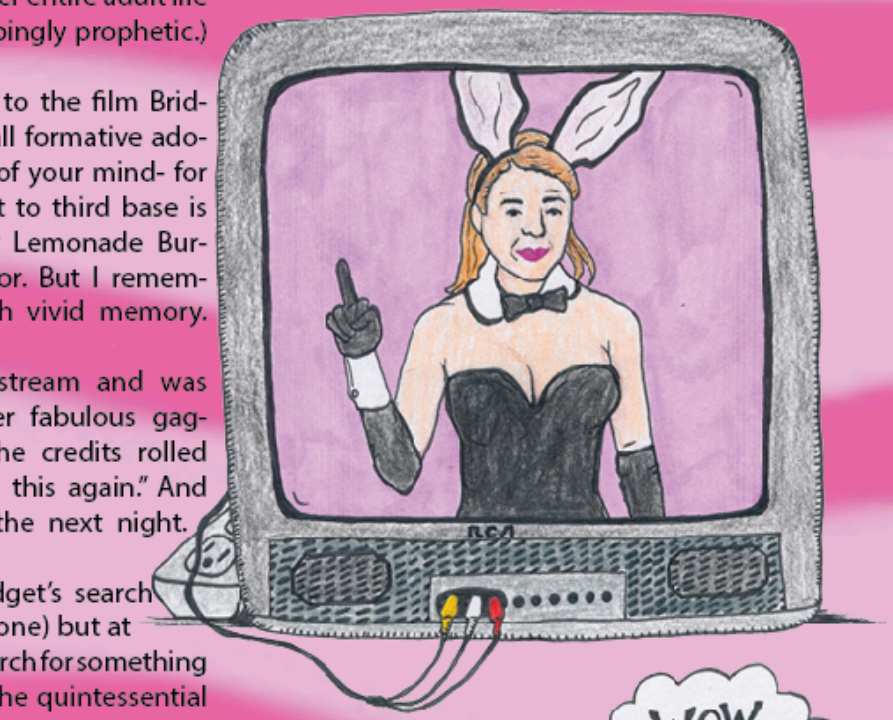
I found a low resolution Putlocker stream and was then swept away by Bridget and her fabulous gaggle of friends. After the movie, as the credits rolled all I could think was "I need to watch this again." And I did. Immediately. And then again, the next night.

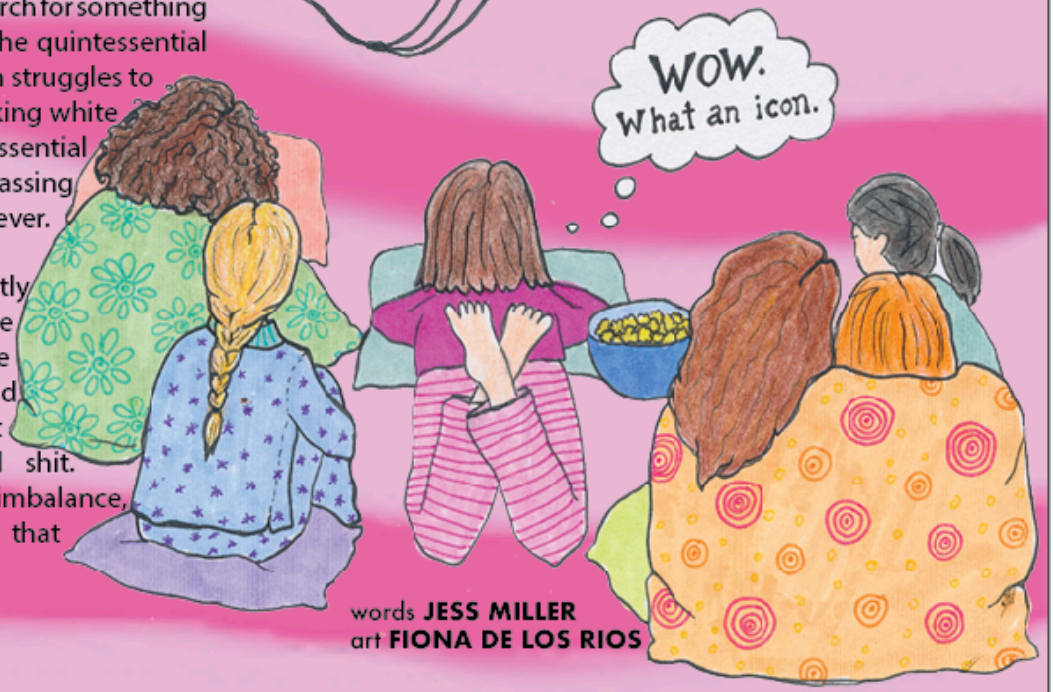
The movie is quite literally about Bridget's search for a boyfriend (spoiler alert: she finds one) but at times it feels much more like she's on a search for something inside of herself. BJD is in many ways the quintessential rom-com. A good-looking white woman struggles to choose between two equally good-looking white men. But Bridget simply isn't a quintessential romantic comedy heroine; she's embarrassing but charming, clueless but clever.

Some criticisms of the rom-com are overtly and embarrassingly misogynistic; these usually include a combination of the words "chick-flick," "boring," and "annoying." Many arguments against the genre are based in some real shit. If you can think of a societal power imbalance, there is probably a romantic comedy that reinforces it.

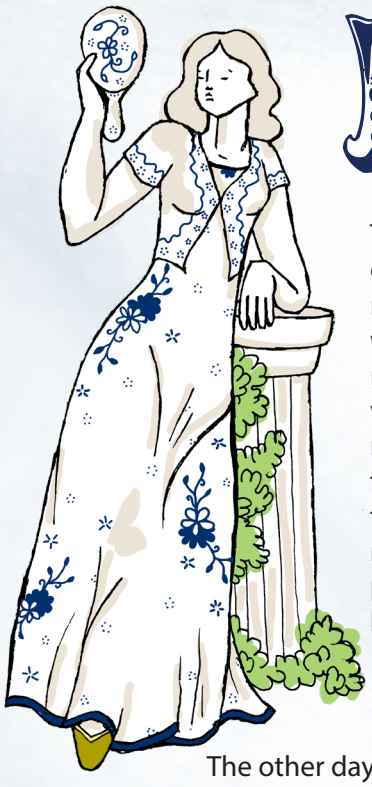
But there is something to be said for movies that aren't embarrassed to be feminine. Movies that are for women and about women. That are wrapped up in a pink bow and don't give a fuck about luring in cis male audiences. Sometimes these movies can be more than a "fun romp," they can be subversive examinations of female lives and relationships…. but also, a fun romp.

At its worst the genre is a sterile mishmash of stereotypes and blonde museum curators. But at its best a Romantic Comedy can capture the frantic energy of crying in the bathroom with your best-friend or the butterflies of a meeting someone who seems to "get you" or the sugar rush of being surrounded by your giggling friends at an elementary school slumber party





words **JESS MILLER**
art **FIONA DE LOS RIOS**



MUSINGS

words **ZEEYA ASPANDIAR**
art **ANNA MARIE BALDWIN**

Alma

The Lady rearranged us an hour ago and the girls will not cease complaining that I am now at the center of the shelf. When they first wrapped me in blue lace, I thought I could never find a home. Who wants a home dotted with azure when the ladies in pink with white ruffles demand all the attention? But I thought foolishly then. Sitting here, with my dainty feet painted in gold slippers, holding the hand mirror before my perfectly crafted nose and practically drowning in these layers of dresden blue, I dazzle like no other woman can.

Peter

At times I feel exhausted being one of the few men in the display case. Sure, Gerhard and Ernst are with the orchestra on the shelf above, and the boy Rolf plays with his sister, but I still feel like I'm at the epicenter of a harem. The other day, I swear Aoife was admiring my buttocks. When I confronted her she swore to be examining the bottom of my frock coat for chips. Ha!

It's all the worse, because Elka boils with jealousy when I speak to the others. Together, solidified in this moment mid-dance, I tell her I am forever hers and she forever mine. The exotic flamenco dancers with flowers in their hair aren't *real*.

Lotte

The other day Jutta complained about The Lady cramming the display case with more figurines. I agree it's already hard enough to catch someone's eyes with the sheer number of us side by side. Our laces almost touch! But I explain to her that The Lady comes from a land where such treasures are only dreamt of. From precious story books hard to comeby she would devour tales of the beauties of our homeland. With fortune on her side, she has now come to the West and collected us into a good home. Jutta scoffs and says that this is anything but a good home— "It's a brothel". I tell her to look for the little girl in The Lady, so she can understand the depths of longing and living without.

Wendeline

Once a month The Lady removes us from the showcase so she can execute a thorough dusting. This time, I serendipitously landed next to Günter and Irmgard who shared with me a story they overheard The Lady tell her daughter.

" 'There was once a simple priest in India who held a deep, dark secret. No matter how he tried to avert his eyes or interest, he always found himself attracted to precious objects. The foreign, fine, delicate and ornate never relinquished their hold on his heart. After years of hard work and scheming to escape the shores of the Arabian Sea, he managed passage to Germany: the land of all things bright and beautiful. Neglecting the large cities, he set his sights on Dresden and Meissen— the centers of figurine and fine china production. Before reaching his destination his eyes swirled with images of the finest pieces. He found himself drunk on the idea of their perfection.

'But when he reached Dresden and Meissen, he was too late. The firebombings of World War II had reduced his refulgent cities to rubble and they had yet to be rebuilt. The shops and manufacturers were flattened. His treasures littered streets in powder form. Perhaps some pieces survived in the homes still standing, but there he was not welcome.

'Standing in the quiet square before the Meissen Cathedral, the priest's heart sank and his face flushed with shame. He longed for his home: bustling streets, gaudy colors, smudged faces of children, harmony, and peace.

" 'Dresden in ruins. Dresden destroyed,'" he thought to himself cyclically. He had always found English harsh yet poetic, almost prophetic in how certain words flowed.

As his world lost color, a speck of yellow caught the corner of his eye. A sun drop in the cold square— this lone primrose called to the priest to comfort him, for it too was not at home. Slumping into the bench beside the primrose, the priest gently stroked its petals and remarked on its natural charm and the magic in all its simplicity. He had not the heart to break its stem, so there he remained beside it. "The priest and the primrose, the priest and the primrose, The Priest and the Primrose.' "

Johanna

A piece of my lace has cracked off. It's not too big, but the damage is noticeable. No pressure was applied, I guess I'm simply growing old and my porcelain less tolerant to stress. The risk of The Lady moving me out of the showcase looms. She may even sell me now that I have lost my perfection. I turn to Antje and tell her I want her to have my broken piece of lace whatever happens. Hide it in her folds or beneath her base, I don't care what she does. Beside each other for so long, we have shared the best of memories. I thank my stars for uniting me with such a darling soul. Antje, I have loved you so long.

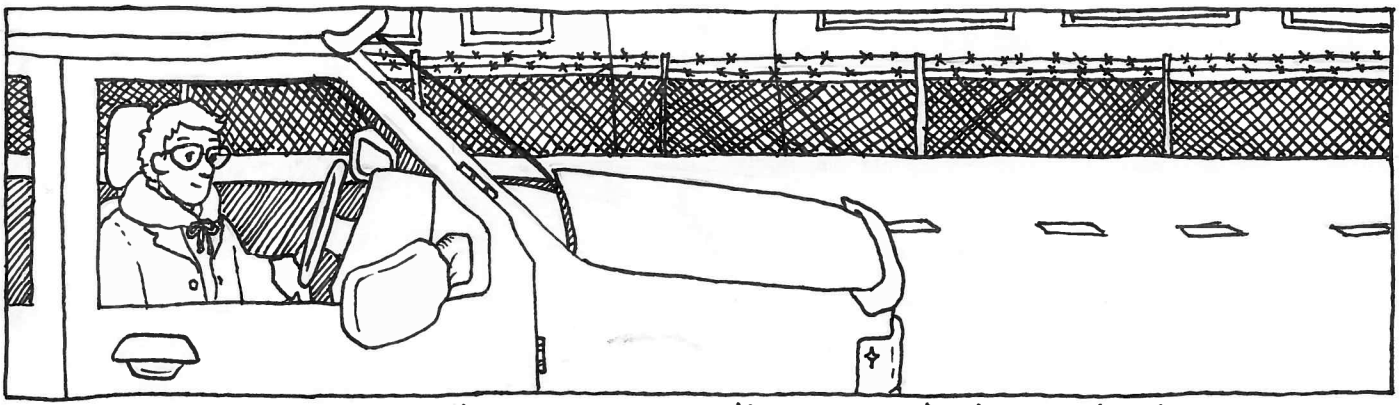
"KITSCH IS EMOTIONAL, TOO"

by FIONA DE LOS RIOS

Over winter break, my parents announced they were leaving my hometown of San Jose.

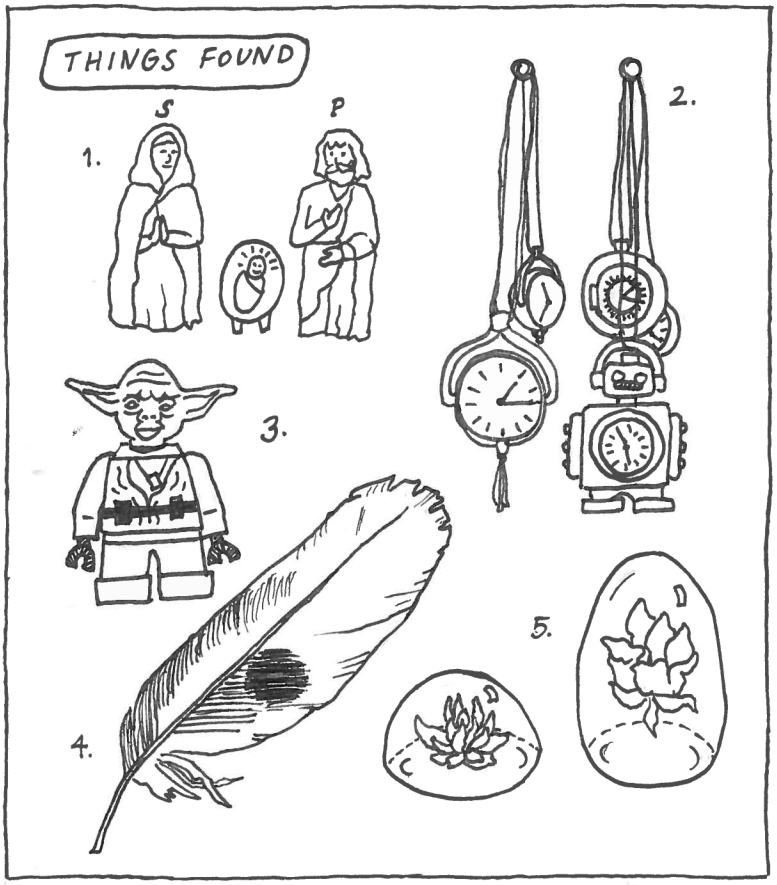
You should put the things you want to keep in boxes for the move.
I don't need more junk.
Mmhmm. Okay, Mama.
THE CELLIST OF SARAJEVO
can't wait to go back
ZZZZZ
She still asleep?
Yep!

I wasn't particularly emotional about the news and spent 3 weeks mostly sleeping.



I wrote SJ off as engineer/tech mogul paradise and suburban hell a long time ago.

As I was packing to return to Eugene, though, I was hit by a sudden wave of nostalgia looking at my bedroom trinkets.



1. Grandma's figurines of Mary, Joseph & baby Jesus in basket → I used to pretend Mary & Joe were salt and pepper and would season Jesus.

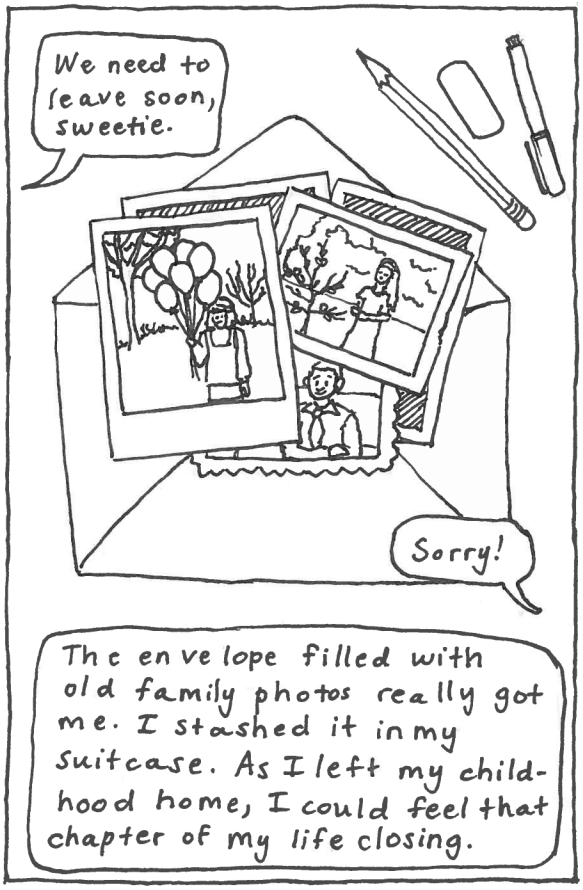
2. a remarkable number of clock necklaces

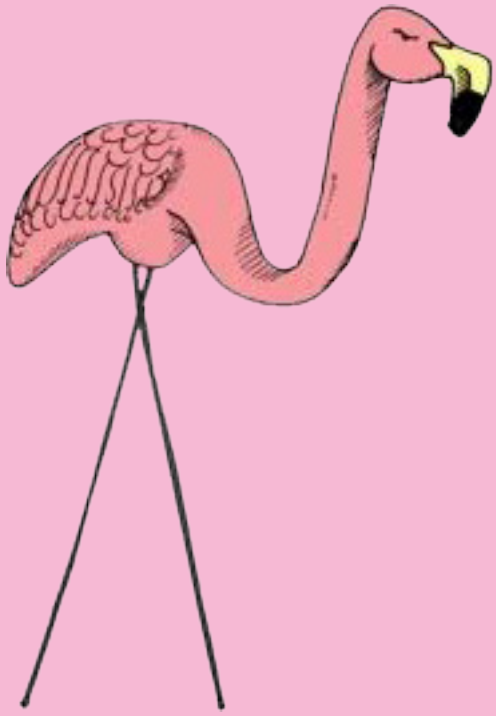
3. LEGO™ Yoda (with another character's hands)

4. a feather from my 5th Grade teacher's parrot, Boo, which I won as a prize

5. What the fuck are these even called??? Have flowers in them. One yellow, one purple.

AND MUCH MORE


We need to leave soon, sweetie.
Sorry!
The envelope filled with old family photos really got me. I stashed it in my suitcase. As I left my childhood home, I could feel that chapter of my life closing.



ode to things past

Alas!
A worse day could not pass.
No, please, to repeat it too great a task:
CES has drawn curved glass' last gasp.

Curved glass, you ask, that gimmick from the past?
Hah! You know not the degrees of my love,
depth delineated by millimeter,
true-blue resolution reiterated,
"A gimmick"? Nay! You do art disservice.
Its sculpted surface raised to higher purpose—
"Was the nine-thousand-dollar price tag ever worth it?"
I, no, but, you see—
"Eight-thousand kay!
Roll-up display!
Slimmer, smarter, ultra HD!"
Oh! No! Stop!
Never mind that! To die for the craft,
interned eternal for the laugh,
What nobler life could one have?
It was an application for aesthetes!
Futility fulfilled!
Oh, at remembrances thought, stop!
my heart is in overspill.

You warehouse relegated many,
my hands tremble, fingering the remote
illuminated by your display.
I loved your exotic name,
the gentle slope of your curvilinear frame,

and in your absence I am left

material

"cogito ergo sum"; one would please
to know thyself
but to know thyself is an awful thing

I have surrounded myself with awfully beautiful things
and thought my self
somehow beautiful in the process

the alchemist architects of our capitalistic society
(oh, what a mouthful)
have charmed me and my magpie eyes

I have lived life veiled in the secrecy of things, wasted
in faith in identification
as an automaton, almost believing it is alive

but if I took away your mechanical care,
showed you how little was never there,
I wonder who you would be, stripped bare.

words **MACFADDEN SMITH**

art **ANNA MARIE BALDWIN**

CEILING

My mother needs rest.
She leaves the school open house, a party, a potluck that we brought pesto pasta salad to,
she comes home during her lunch break to take a nap.
a print of a redwood forest above a clear pool watches over her
and abstract paintings she did herself in the garage.
She places her glasses in a tray next to her bed alongside a handkerchief, lip balm, earrings.
She lays on her back.

The canvas speckled on the ceiling separates itself into continents and islands
I trace the make believe countries onto her brown, freckled arm
Her silken hair tossed upon the yellow flannel pillow case
Brow rumpled and creased like a piece of paper tossed in a corner
her eyelids are closed and bare while
Afternoon sun glides through the closed blinds and dust in the room.

In summer heat she is warm, my small body curves against her like a crescent moon
a slice of mandarin orange we split in half and pop into each others mouths
She basks outside on the brick patio, my childhood stage
On a dirty reclining chair
The vegetable garden an overgrown jungle. Squash bloom
from the compost pile and I eat berries off of the bush, thorns poking my finger tips.
We throw trespassing snails over the fence into the neighbor's yard.
When the seagulls rise up in the distance and screech,
We yell that they are taking out the trash at the mall.

She has to go upstairs to take a rest
a ten minute nap she has to close
her eyes. On the floor

next to her meditation pillow I draw the ceiling continents on pieces of printer paper
I label the cities, major is a star and small is a circle,
The rivers, mountains, major roads,
The names a collection of consonants,
Islands a constellation along the shore.
My strategy is to hold a pencil loosely and let the lead find its way
The curves and ragged edges bays and inlets.

ALL I WANNA DO IS

words IRIS KITTLESON
words ANNALEE NOCK

Haven't you heard the song where the missing
girl holds the gun and the money? Haven't you sat
behind the driver when the chorus hits
and seen summer pulse with the trigger and for
a moment everyone is alive and rich? Jesus

be a firearm bullet be a femme the chamber is
a hot car and we blow billions down the road
stay strapped and full of ourselves spit ballistic
high brass from our deep throats in the beginning
we lived between the hammer and the pin in the

beginning men worshipped the muzzle in the
beginning Samuel gave his prophecy a cock and
then we came and we took everything.

ASK ME ANYTHING

OREGON VOICE ANONS

ORACLE

POSTS LIKES FOLLOWING INQUIRE WITHIN ARCHIVE

Anonymous asked:

I've been hanging out with this girl for a while and I really like her– she's smart, funny, really pretty, and we get along super well. We've been kinda seeing each other for a month or two and I think I wanna take it to the next level, but every time she takes a drink of water she lets out a soft, satisfied sigh like "ahh" and it drives me crazy. She's great in every other way but this might be too much, what are your thoughts? there aren't many lesbians in town so I'm hesitant to leave her.

the cutting edge of post-water is to drink a glass of milk & beer, equally proportioned and stirred to a homogenous solution. this conversation may not be easy, but may be just what you need.

There could hardly be a more kitsch topic of conversation in this cultural moment than the discussion of how social media, online networking, and c y b e r s p a c e in general have come to drastically change the ways people live in the world. The onvent of the internet seems to have effected just about every demographic in fairly discrete ways: old people (sunset profile pic types, we all know them) abuse my newsfeed with inspirational quotes set to unrelated images (the internet's version of the Goodwill art aisle). A generation above us, yuppy gentrifiers took over LinkedIN to reform their careers after the devestation of the 2008 recession. Our generation's specific moment is still wrapped up in coming of age– the object of relentless fascination for the entire culture industry at large.

Most people's intimate lives at every age are wrapped up with the internet, my generation serves no exception (although we were graciously spared from eharmony subscription fees). What makes us the exception, however, is that this became the norm precisely when we started to come of age, we were the lab rats for digital love. Nowhere is the sheer atmosphere of adolescence more perfectly framed than within the URLs of our old Tumblr accounts. What, you ask, is the anonymous question function in the year 2018?

anonymous asked:

how do i get my roommate to stop putting bread crusts in the recycling?

the Oracle knows just what to do. find a time where you and your roommate are both available, cook them a dinner and pair a decent cabernet (very important) that doesn't overwhelm the palette. you will need a blender, a mixing bowl, breadcrusts, a screen, newspaper, blotters. 1) tear their breadcrusts into very small bits. add 2 cups of water for every 4 crusts. 2) beat the breadcrusts and water in a blender. 3) pour pulp in the pan. 4) slide the screen into the bottom of the pan and move it around until it is evenly covered with pulp. 5) lift the screen off the pan carefully, keeping level and allowing it to drain. 6) put the screen, pulp-side up, on a blotter that is placed on top of newspaper. put another blotter over the pulp, and more newspaper over that. 7) roll a jar or rolling pin over the "sandwich" of blotter paper to squeeze out the rest of the water. 8) take off the top newspaper. flip the blotter and the screen very carefully. if you follow these directions very carefully and are unable to produce paper, tell your roommate to stop recycling crusts

Ask ovanons a question

Anonymous asked:

have you ever shit in a catbox

anonymous asked:

if i bought nike air force ones and frequently eat at chipotle can i still claim to be a socialist???

in exchange for the promise to never again engage with historical materialism, Socialists are living among us, average citizens, average heroes, quietly and anonymously continuing to make the world a better place. your nike air force ones and frequent chipotle consumption are indeed the first steps to becoming a Socialist, however, they are the only initiative steps the Oracle can disclose on such a public platform. await for the next sign

Anonymous asked:

do u think call me by your name should win the oscar for best picture?

yes no yes no yes no yes no yes no

Anonymous asked:

ORACLE my friend says she wont share her tomagotchis. I have sum of my own, but I can tell she doesnt take good care of hers and im afraid that their going to die. WHat should I do?

cut your losses and kill them first so she can't have the satisfaction of doing it herself. it will be hard but you are ultimately liberating them

Anonymous asked:

how do i get my mom to become antifa?

Anonymous asked:

Hello Helper, I had 100 beans in my fridge and I think my roommate ate at least 36 of them. Should I call the police or just steal 36 beans from my roommate? Thanks, Ben

at this point, it would be appropriate to steal 43 beans from your roommate. until they replace your fridge beans, you have a God given right to collect interest.,

Anonymous asked:

monogamy gets a bad rap

OVANONS.TUMBLR.COM

art **MIRANDA CAVAGNARO & ANNALEE NOCK**

An Interview with Rachel Antonoff

Far be it from us to deny that kitsch was born in New Jersey. Well, maybe not kitsch (b. ???? - d. ????)—but certainly Rachel Antonoff, the woman behind the hip, colorful, and gracefully kitschy New York clothing brand that shares her name and co-founder since 2012 of the Ally Coalition (a nonprofit organization of fashion notables and entertainers dedicated to advancing LGBTQ rights). On Tuesday, February 6 bright and early at 11am, Oregon Voice staffers Dori Mosman and Taylor Griggs sat down for a phone interview with Ms. Antonoff alongside RA Associate Designer Hannah Mosman to talk about kitsch, fashion, femininity, and all the stuff in between.

TAYLOR: The theme of this issue of our magazine is 'kitsch,' so I'm wondering: does the term 'kitsch' mean anything to you?

RACHEL: It does mean something to me! I've always been a fan of weird little chachkis and signs. When I was a little kid, our neighbors had a pool in their backyard and while all the kids would swim, I would dig—there was a little poolhouse, and there was a pile of dirt next to it, and I would dig in the dirt because there were beautiful, small, colored tiles that you could find if you dug. And I don't know if that's exactly kitschy, but it's something kind of random and colorful and weird that you might find in the dirt. That feels kitschy to me. Treasures, I guess.

TAYLOR: How would you define 'kitsch'?

RACHEL: I would define 'kitsch' as...let's see. Something that sort of has a sense of humor about itself. Like an item or a vibe that is aware of its own inherent silliness. Now I'm curious how the dictionary actually defines 'kitsch'—[*reading from Google*] "art, objects, or design considered to be in poor taste because of excessive garishness or sentimentality, but sometimes appreciated in an ironic or knowing way."

DORI: See, what I like about your answer is that you said kitsch has a sense of humor about itself and is aware of its own silliness, which is different from—

TAYLOR: Yeah, I think some people think it's the opposite.

RACHEL: Right. I guess 'kitsch' is kind of closely related to the word 'tacky' which is also something I'm a fan of.

DORI: 'Cheesy,' as well.

HANNAH: 'Kitsch' seems to be more about the person interacting with the item. Like, how you feel about something that is tacky, potentially.

RACHEL: And kind of thinking about what makes it tacky.

TAYLOR: I know you're a founding member of the Ally Coalition, and you're doing some work with political resistance. How do you think creativity and, I guess, kitschiness plays a part in social justice and supporting people in minority groups?

RACHEL: A big question. I think, similarly to how an item might be seen as tacky or gaudy, speaking your mind and saying things that maybe aren't always the popular opinion is looked at in a similar way. So, that's a little bit of a reach metaphorically, but I think that there's definitely something to that, like, being able to say 'fuck it.' I think a little bit of a sense of humor about oneself is also necessary to be able to take on something like that.

TAYLOR: Do you have any examples from your work that you feel represent 'kitsch'?

RACHEL: Yeah! We just did a T-shirt, actually, that says "Carpe Diem" and has a graphic of kittens with angel wings sitting on a cloud. And that's probably the kitschiest thing we've ever done.

DORI: It seems like a little figurine you would find at your grandma's house.

RACHEL: Exactly. We definitely have a sense of humor and awareness of our silliness at this brand. We really don't take ourselves too seriously, which I think is a little bit of a problem in fashion in general, that it should be fun...and it can be serious, but it also should be fun.

DORI: I know that your staff is made up of all women; do you think that being a brand designed and made solely by women has to do with your reputation as 'kitsch'? Is that problematic to you or is that something that you welcome?

RACHEL: I don't think so. I mean, we're a pretty small company, so the fact that so far we've been able to stay as an almost completely women-comprised company is kind of like a—I don't want to say 'happy accident' because I feel good about this company, but it's sort of just the way it worked out. But I don't think there's anything related to kitsch about that. Do you?

DORI: I think that a lot of the time the words 'cheesy' and 'tacky' and 'kitschy' can become associated with things that women like, while things that men like don't have to be 'cheesy' and 'tacky' and 'kitschy.' They can just be 'serious' art.

RACHEL: Well, I definitely spent a large part of my career sort of trying to rail against that. I really hate and resent gender norms and I would prefer that to not be the case.

HANNAH: Fashion at large seems to be deemed a woman's problem, a woman's deal...even, like, embroidery or things like that that women have done throughout history were deemed lesser crafts, and I don't like that association because it's just as much work and brings beauty to the world.

TAYLOR: Do you feel like that's changing?

RACHEL: I think it's changing at a snail pace. I think there's definitely a lot more focus and conversation happening around gender norms and what gender even is...but I think that it's still relatively a niche conversation, and I wish that it weren't.

HANNAH: We live in a bubble in New York because so many people are in fashion here, but going to school in Oregon and wanting to come to New York, I got that attitude so much from guys, being like 'Oh, you're studying fashion? You must be shallow,' which is unfair because other arts aren't really seen that way.

DORI: I think, like you both said, that comes back to fashion being associated with women. Then it's suddenly more shallow, more vapid, less serious.

TAYLOR: Do you think 'tacky' is bad? How do you differentiate between 'good' and 'bad' fashion?

RACHEL: I think 'tacky' is a really subjective word, and what one person finds to be tacky or gaudy is someone else's cup of tea. So...I don't know! I know that I resent the idea that what we do is shallow or fluffy.

TAYLOR: Is there some sort of style or fashion that you really don't like?

RACHEL: There definitely is, but at the same time I feel hesitant to pass judgment on that, because it may not be right for me, but then again our stuff may not be right for somebody else.

TAYLOR: Who or what inspires you kitsch-wise, and in general?

RACHEL: Kitsch-wise, I'm really inspired by this interior designer named Mario Buatta. He's been called "the prince of chintz." I love his style. We actually took a lot of inspiration from his stuff for the most recent lookbook that we shot--for the set and general vibe. He does a full wall of ten dog paintings and then a floral sofa, so he has a very "more is more" kind of attitude, and I love and admire that. I'm also very inspired from a kitsch perspective by my brother Jack. He's always been a real collector and a collager, and in his apartment there's a wall that's continuously growing that's just a big, weird collage. His childhood room was the same, but it made its way all the way around the room on every surface, so all the walls were covered, the ceiling was covered...pretty nuts. But he has a real appreciation for kitsch and for little sentimental treasures.

TAYLOR: Do you see that in his music?

RACHEL: Yeah. There's a real sentimentality to his music, to me.

DORI: I think that about wraps it up--thank you so much for talking to us! Is there anything from your Instagram or from your website that you'd like to go alongside this interview as a visual element?

HANNAH: You should put the cat T-shirt in there. That would be kitschy.

words **TAYLOR GRIGGS**
DORI MOSMAN

Campus Homie

Daven Tjaarda-Hernandez and I work as ushers at one of the performance halls on campus. As ushers, it is in our job description to "dress presentable." When I asked my boss what he meant by that, he simply smiled and pointed in Daven's direction. Our time together has blossomed into a great friendship and it is my pleasure to interview him on his kitsch.

What inspires the way you dress?

"I really like old movies. Everything I wear is based off of what I've seen in old movies."

How did your love for old movies come about?

As a little kid my great grandma would watch me while my mom was at work and she had like every Disney movie. And so I would watch non-stop Disney movies with her until I was about eight and had watched every Disney movie she had, so then we moved on to other old movies that she owned.

What first stood out to me about your style was how colorful it is. Was that something you were aiming for?

Yes I love to experiment with colors! I find myself dressing how I feel each day and I find color is an effective tool for that. For example, last week I was kinda pissed off that I didn't get into the ensemble I wanted, so I dressed in blacks, reds, or greys all week. And when I feel happy, I find myself dressing in more yellows and greens and light blues. Even when I'm dressed super casual, I still incorporate color into my attire. All my t-shirts have cartoons on them.

Have you had any pushback because of the way you dress?

Oh yes actually! I'm from a relatively rural area in Salem and so I'm really the only person who dresses like I do, and people are just like, "Why? **Why would you dress like that?"**

words & photo **SHAE WIRTH**
art **ANNA MARIE BALDWIN**

Chill Spot

Pierce Street Gardens - 2008 pierce st eugene OR

My house is overflowing with plants and my roommates are getting annoyed because it is only getting worse. I take any chance to go to Pierce Street Gardens, inevitably leaving with arm fulls of new plants to tend to. It's an amazing place to walk around, rain or shine. Marcia owns the shop and runs it out of her backyard. If she's home, she will come out and greet you whether she's in her bathrobe or not. The greenhouse is filled with succulents large and small in pots and bowls from thrift stores. Aside from skinny pathways, there's not one inch not covered by plants, which she tends to tirelessly and with amazing care. The greenhouse is always comforting and warm despite the inevitably gloomy Eugene weather. I could curl up in there with Marcia's cats, Emily and Timid, and be as happy as ever.

writing by ANNA Marie BALDWIN

WHY TO DO ASTROLOGY WITH

Standing outside on the curb, I'm awash with the buzz of Charlie XCX and sloppy chatter. Either by divine intervention or celestial alignment, I go against my better judgment and test the water for sharks. It seems I've arrived at the party's climax. Prying the door open reveals sweaty bodies blockading the foot of it. Their glistening heads are tilted back and laughing. Squeezing through, I try to soak in the commotion without feeding the urge to run. These fluttery gals and grunting pals intermingle with an ease that amplifies my discomfort. But, despite the fear that shows through half-circle shadows in my armpits, the connections being made between slurs are too mesmerizing to abandon, so I commit to the occasion and set out to claim a chill-spot. A refreshment table catches my eye and I dash for it faster than you can say "nervous eater."

Someone struts across the living room with a heavy gait and weightless confidence. Spastic limbs dancing in their path threaten to impede their speed but they cut right through. Their saunter screams "it's nice to see you, but get the fuck out of my way." I'm transfixed and I watch as they slosh chardonnay into a red plastic cup. They take a swig, leaning back on the kitchen counter. Looking up from their drink, they scan the room like a panther, searching for prey or someone to amuse them. I jerk my eyes away so I'm not caught staring, but in my panic, I knock over someone's bowl of assorted snacks. Shit. I look back to make sure they didn't see, but of course, their gaze is locked on me.

"Wow. That was really something." They chuckle. It's a nice chuckle.

"Yeah, uh—yeah, I'm usually a lot better at standing."

"Really? I thought you were doing just fine!"

They're teasing me and I appreciate that so I smile. I recognize the playfulness in their tone as light flirting, but I try to not get ahead of myself.

"What's your major?" I really could've come up with something better.

"Cinema Studies," they say.

"Wow. Some of the best people I know are doing Cinema Studies!" I nudge them with my elbow, hoping to continue the pattern.

"And you?"

"It's kind of up in the air at the moment," I say, itching my forehead,
"but I'm thinking maybe Poly-Sci?"

"Oh fuck!" Their eyes get wide as if I've vaporized and emerged a new person right in front of them. I've surprised them, like maybe now they'll take me seriously—even after my big snack-snaffoo. I've never been sized-up like this. Boy, do I like the way they're looking at me. "So, what's your sign?"

"My sign? Uh I'm a Virgo. But I don't really—" I say, smiling.

Their striking face pinches at the nose. "You're a Virgo?"

"Yeah I think so." I keep the smile but I'm losing confidence and fast.

"Are you sure?" Their face grows more grave by the second, and it sucks but they're even hotter now, all perplexed like that, sending my head reeling. What did I do wrong?

"I was born August 25th...?" I'm hoping desperately that I was mistaken, that some sham back-alley astrologer led me astray.

"Yup," they sigh and shift their spellbinding gaze to the floor, "you're a Virgo."

"Is that… bad?" I almost wimper.

"It's not," they assure me. "But I'm a Gemini."

"Oh. Well that's cool." I let out a sigh of relief, my self-esteem temporarily restored.

"Well…" Uh-oh. I wait for the other shoe to drop. "Virgos and Gemini aren't very compatible." They whip out their iphone decked out in neat-o stickers to show me a chart. There it is. The compatibility of signs is determined by how many hearts appear next to the pairing. There are four

HAS NOTHING YOU AND ME

by Virgo and Pisces, five by Virgo and Capricorn. Next to Gemini and Virgo, there's just one, and that just about crushes me.

"Ok, but that doesn't really mean anything."

They look at me as if I've kicked a puppy. "The study of astrology is centuries old. How can you just discredit it like that? There's some truth to it. I don't know how it works but sometimes my horoscope is dead-on. It's uncanny, really."

"Hm." I sigh and I think they know my ego's been bruised.

"You seem nice though." Their attempt at flattery aches in my gut.

"So, do you maybe wanna hang out sometime?" My pathetic attempt at redemption.

"Yeah, sure. I'll text you," they say while turning away. Already they've initiated a conversation with someone else and I can't help but wonder if their signs are more compatible than ours. I hang my head in defeat. Daydreams of coffee dates and movie nights deflate above me like a mylar balloon roasting in the sun.

I've finished the white cheddar popcorn. I take that as my cue to leave and head for the door. Cracking it open, I'm greeted by a brisk evening breeze that kisses my nose like my mom would after an especially rough day at school. This night needs time for reflection. I'm thankful for the long walk home under the inky black sky, peppered with gaseous spheres of dust. As my feet kiss the pavement and the cold air caresses my cheek, the humiliation falls away.

What if stars knew we devised meaning from their random assembly?

Would they be as confused as I am? Stars want absolutely nothing to do with whatever we're doing down here. We are feeble, Earth-babies, each of us only existing for a single breath of their lifespan. By putting our faith in birth dates and celestial connect-the-dots, we feel justified in making assumptions. We feel comfortable writing people off because we read an astrology blog that swears Scorpios don't bode well with Aries. Or we trick ourselves into thinking someone's our soulmate because of five hearts on a chart. But why? And for what? What are we gaining from taking shortcuts to meaningful relationships? Are we really saving ourselves time or are we robbing ourselves of ever cultivating something that lasts? Fooling ourselves like this is dangerous. We can't truly know anything about anyone without putting in the work. So, as long as people are still being judged prematurely by something completely out of their control, I'll stick around the snack table.

words **KAYA NOTEBOOM**

art **MIRANDA CAVAGNARO**

The kitsch'in

The Spinach Lady Salad

The Chubby Checker

Great Balls of Fire

art **SIMONE WHITELEY-ALLEN AND MADDY JONES**

FREE SHIT

With the recent news that the University of Oregon's administration takes a couple hundred dollars a year from UO students for athletics, that they have no qualms with misappropriating deceased professors' will donations for their own pay raises, and that Daddy In Chief spent $20,000 on a photorealistic portrait of himself to be hung only after he leaves the University, the message could hardly be clearer—are you a student? Worker? Teacher? ADMIN IS STEALING FROM YOU! Fret not: when they go low, we go lower, right?

There is no way to achieve completely reciprocal revenge for these heinous acts of administrative theft, but there are a few ways to hustle while you can while participating in advancing your position at the University at the same time:

Administrative events: Michael Schill shows his face in public a few times a year. Sometimes his speeches get disrupted and don't wind up happening but you can pretty reliably count on FREE FOOD being there. UO dining will roll out cookies, salad, hummus, and if you are lucky even the finest of UO delicassies—the beloved artichoke dip. If it's a Tuition Fees & Advisory Board (TFAB) meeting, or a Board of Trustees meeting (BOT), you can get all of this free food and have the opportunity to voice how increases to tuition will affect you as a student and constituent of the University.

Granola bars, etc: The Summit Creek Church has given me breakfast in the form of a granola bar every weekday for the past four years, most of the time they will even let you take two. They don't want anything from you, it seems too good to be true but they are actually just there to give you free food. Other churches and religious groups will also have free food on 13th, such as the church that offers free pizza if you put a biblical question on their whiteboard (the preacher also somehow obtained my number and harassed me for a year about meeting up with him to talk about our Lord & Savior so I'm not exactly endorsing this).

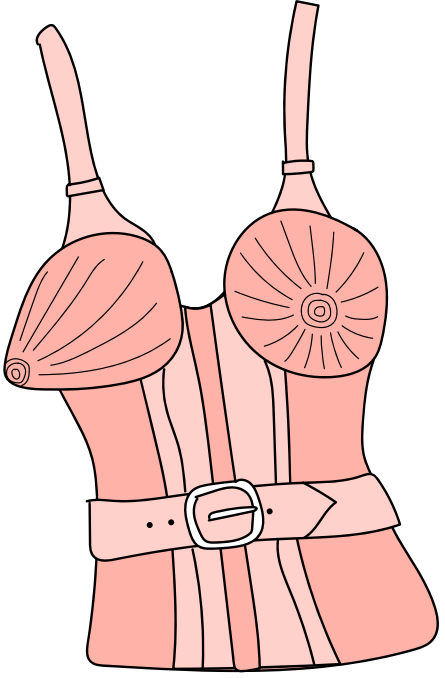
Trash cans: There is definitely a gradient in quality of what kind and edibility of foods you can find in the trash throughout UO. I personally believe that Lillis has the weakest selection of trash meals, but places like Allen "where weekends go to die" will regularly have completely uneaten meals sitting in their trash cans, abandoned by students knee-deep in group projects. If you're hungry, eat!

Household objects: You are taking a shit and you look over and your roommates have used all of your toilet paper without replacing it. You waddle to the cabinet to grab more, but lo, there is none to be found. Do not despair, plan in advance FOR FREE! Using any key you can quickly jam open any toilet paper dispenser on campus to avoid such sticky situations. The TP is single ply so you'll have to forget about being an aristocrat, but hey it's free who's complaining? Additionally, littered throughout campus are a vast array of green knives, forks, spoons, and bowls waiting for you to take them home.

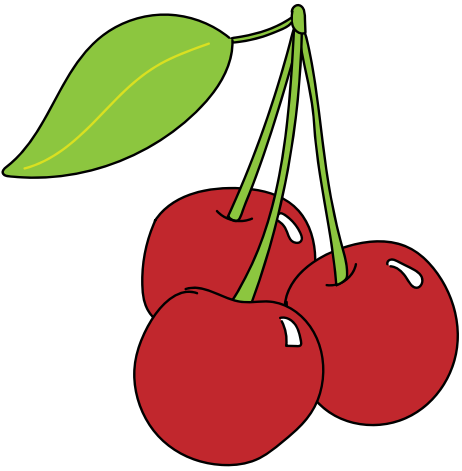
Hippie Christmas: A crust punk at the Campbell Club told me about this one. During move-out week in the dorms, the wealthiest UO students will forego packing and just leave everything they own in a pile outside their dorm buildings. I myself have only acquired a raincoat from such an excursion, but many of my colleagues who are down with the way of the dumpster have found the most precious items: TV's, iPads and every manner of Apple product, Gucci slippers, microwaves (which you aren't supposed to have in the dorms anyway…?), basically anything a person might buy of value can and will wind up in these trash cans. I hesitate to spread this information as I have great personal stakes in hippie Christmas, but for the sake of solidarity I cordially invite you to join me as I nosedive into the dumpster of elite privilege this Spring.

art **YANA McCLINTON**

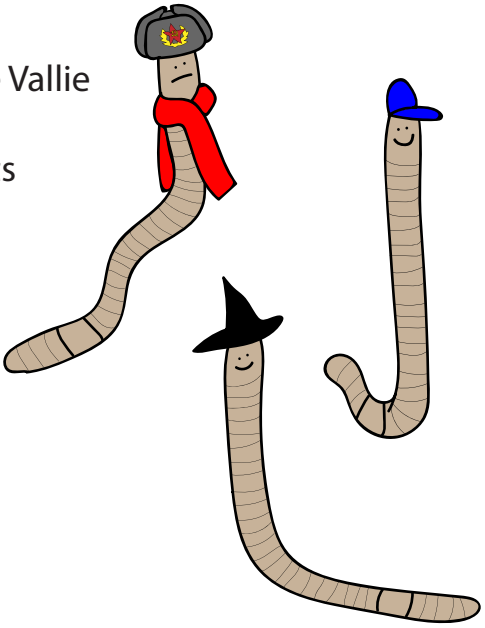
KITSCHY PLAYLIST

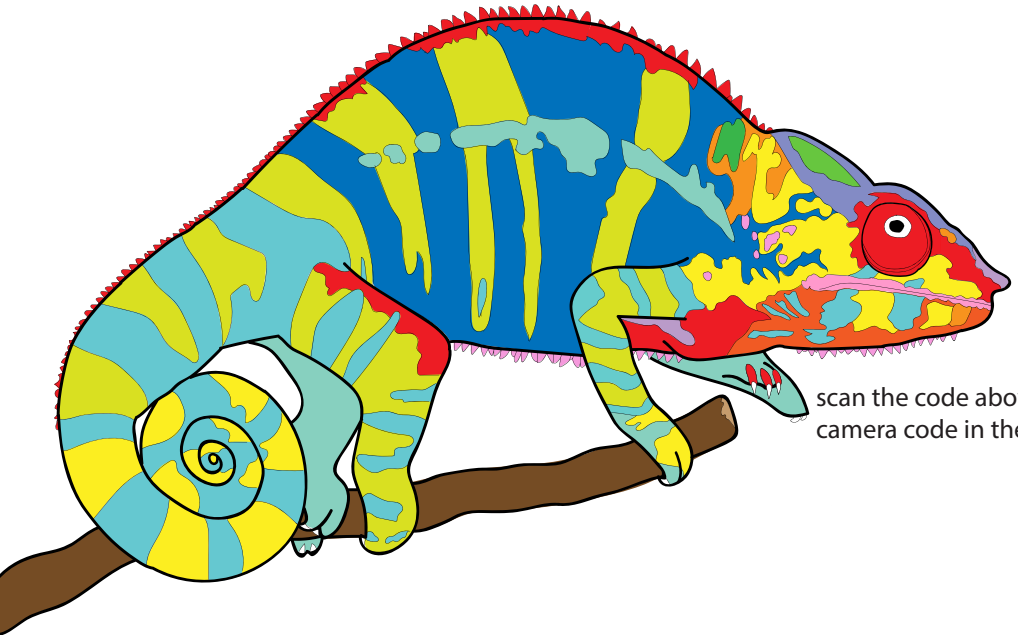


This playlist is a compilation of music from my favorite romantic comedies (read: *10 Things I Hate About You)*, *Just Dance 2*, my childhood roller skating rink that was turned into a furniture store, and songs that conjure up fond memories of singing and dancing with my friends through college. You may consider some of them joke songs, severely overplayed when you were twelve years old. Give them another listen from the perspective of someone who can understand and admire kitsch.



Wordy Rappinghood – Tom Tom Club
Rasputin - 7"Version – Boney M.
Hand in My Pocket – Alanis Morisette
Okay okay – Pino D'Angiò
Take A Chance On Me – ABBA
Kiss From A Rose – Seal
Karma Chameleon – Culture Club
Champagne Supernova – Oasis
Swing – Savage, Soulja Boy
Can't Take My Eyes Off You – Frankie Vallie
Kiss Me – Sixpence None The Richer
Doctor Worm – They Might Be Giants
Genius of Love - Tom Tom Club





scan the code above on the Spotify App by clicking the camera code in the search function

art and words
FIONA DE LOS RIOS

art **ELI ROTH**

art **CULLEN SHARP**

Patrick Griggs Died For Our Sins, or My Life in the Theatre

In *Holes*, the groundbreaking children's novel by Louis Sachar, Stanley Yelnats' family is cursed with eternal bad luck as a result of his great-great-grandfather's actions. My family may be cursed, too—my ancestors must've done something just ridiculous in order to set the ball in motion for my parents to meet when they were both working as singing waiters at a dinner theatre. This eventually led to my conception, and my transformation from innocuous baby to narcissistic, self-absorbed, (talented), insecure STAR.

The classic catchphrase of a musical theatre person is "I can't, I have rehearsal," which is indicative of how theatre people constantly live under the assumption that other people care about them and the things they have to say. These people are melodramatic freakshows! And I'm, without a doubt, one of them!

Not to sound like I'm writing an essay for admittance into a bottom-tier college, but I really can't imagine that anything had as big of an impact on my life as theatre did. The first show I was in was when I was less than a year old–I played "Baby Oliver" in a production of Oliver! that my dad was in and my mom was directing because they were too anxious to leave me with a babysitter. My mother is a vocal coach, and I'm pretty sure I knew all the words to "Don't Cry For Me, Argentina" by the time I was six years old. I've seen my dad kiss other women on stage a pretty significant amount of times. Perhaps the most traumatizing event of my childhood was when I watched my father get nailed to the cross while he played the title role in Jesus Christ Superstar. My parents live to perform. It's wild to spend your entire life surrounded by people who live to perform. And while theatre people are fucking ridiculous, they're also kind of magical. They can do magical things.

Theatre, especially musical theatre, is otherworldly, but it makes so much sense. It doesn't care about being entirely unrealistic and gaudy. It doesn't care about being made fun of. It's also historically been a safe, diverse place for everyone and one of the most progressive facets of society since its conception. Being in a show is the most intense bonding experience that's possible. Nobody is too good for it, so stop pretending.

My parents met when they were both working as singing waiters at a dinner theatre. When the dinner theatre–the Country Dinner Playhouse–shut down in 2008, almost 200 veterans of the playhouse (including such celebrities as Lise Simms, who played the mom on "Phil of the Future") gathered outside of the defunct building in the pouring rain and sobbed, burdened by nostalgia and their extreme emotional attachment to a building. Musical theatre, in all its ridiculous kitschiness, allows and encourages people to feel. And isn't it nice to feel?

words TAYLOR GRIGGS
art FIONA DE LOS RÍOS

OV ASK ME ANYTHING: Advice Column

Hi Oregon,

I need help with an issue that began this morning and has been bothering me all day. I woke up to the smell of smoke coming from the living room. I checked and sure enough a lamp had ignited one of our curtains and it was smoking. The fire has since spread to the walls, ceiling, floor, and other parts of the building. Fire is one of my pet peeves and something about losing my home and everything I own just gets under my skin. What should I do?

Thanks,
Ticked Off Rick

Dear Rick,
Let me share an anecdote with you that I have a feeling you might enjoy. When I was five years old, my parents took a trip to Milwaukee and left me at home in the care of an elderly woman named Beverly. Long story short, Beverly died that weekend in a house fire. When my parents returned home to find their friend Bev's charred remains and the ashes of everything that was important to them, I think they felt a little like you might

Deer OVASKmeanYTHING,

I have a friend who is a real meany. SHe won't share her tomagotchis with me and Im afraid about this because i think she doesnt take good care of her tomagotchis and im afraid they r going to die.
I really want to save her tomafriends but I dont want to lose her as my friend bc shes about the best friend Ive got and she said that shed kick me in the horse if i took her tomagotchis and i dont know what that means but i dont want it to happen.

wut do you think i shoud do?

your friend,

dorf

p.s. i asked the oracle about this but i wanted to get youre opinion too.

Dorf-
Usually I make up names for the people asking me questions, but I couldn't one-up "Dorf" as a name for someone who is clearly emotionally stunted and unable to stand up for themselves. I'm mad at you, Dorf. I'll come out and say it. If this girl isn't sharing her Tamagotchis with you, it's your fault. Look yourself in the mirror, Dorf, and say: "I'm Dorf. I've got to change some things before I'll ever be able to care for Tamagotchis." Come on. Figure it out, or I'll kick you in the horse.

Dear museli mommy,

A few years ago, after one of my first multi gender slumber parties, my buddies and I went out to breakfast at a red vinyl bench establishment and got a giant pancake. All the dough filled up my tummy and made me sooo sleepy. I ended up doZing off right on top of my friend Jeff's nominally muscular shoulder. Needless to say, our relationship has never recovered. Are we just friends or something more? Should I write him an apology, or just let it go and move on with my life?

Love,
Still fucked up after all these years

Dear SFUAATY,
I pity you, because this once happened to me. I'm really sorry that you're going through this. Jeff loves you, okay? He's always loved you. Don't blow this one.

Worde Searche

BY TAYLOR GRIGGS

G M Y M L A T N E M I T N E S
Y N S L A A M D T B S V H M X
H Q O L M R S T O L V J S H E
I T V M J K D V T Y B T Y B T
S W R S E B W I E P O D K G L
Q I Z D C O N R G G S U C Q K
O D W L X A A B N R A Q A S I
F E K D U M S N G N A S T C T
H L Q D S F N P D A S S W B T
T V F X C R E Q I J R Q O D E
S M Y C B C B T K C U I Y H N
U Z A O Q D J B S J W L S C Z
F L A M I N G O E A N E I H T
B H F L S R D U C T T A P E U
B L A E L P P A E N I P E I T

ASPIC
TACKY
KITTEN
FLAMINGO
DUCT TAPE
GARISH
LAS VEGAS
MARDI GRAS
TASTEFUL
GNOMEOANDJULIET
PINEAPPLE
SENTIMENTAL

HOROSCOPES

The Spring Sky

Mercury will retrograde March 22, 2018 through April 15, 2018, disrupting all aspects of communication, from speaking and listening to negotiating, researching, and writing. Focus on revisiting, revising, and repeating rather than establishing anything new. Try not to make life altering decisions or take too much advice from others. Don't have elective surgery, don't buy a car, don't text your ex.

Saturn will retrograde from April 17 through September 16, 2018 affecting our perspectives on rules and limitations. Responsibilities may seem heavier than usual, listen to this burden and slow down for a bit. As the sun comes out this spring, give yourself the freedom to say no more often! Take the time to finish what's on your plate before you add more and thank your lucky stars this doesn't overlap with Mercury's.

Pluto will retrograde from April 22, 2018 through September 30, 2018. Look, Pluto is the king of the underworld and in retrograde will force you to examine parts of yourself you may not like so much. Looking forward to an extremely emo summer from you all.

Chiron enters Aries April 17, 2018, which hasn't happened since 1977. This slow-moving comet points to certain difficulties which both challenge and engender strength. In Aries, Chiron indicates issues of identity and worth and predicts outcomes of empowerment. Chiron is largely a natal influence, affecting entire generations before transiting signs. This is excellent news.

Uranus enters Taurus May 15, 2018. The last times this happened, the Great Depression ended. In Taurus, the ruler of money, Uranus's revolutionary energy could do anything from changing taxation to disrupting capitalism. Sell all your bitcoin or buy too much.

Make Your Own

BIRTH DATE

March 20-April 19: Aries
April 20-May 20: Taurus
May 21-June 20: Geminis
June 21-July 21: Cancers
July 22-August 22: Leos
August 23-September 22: Virgos
September 23-October 22: Libras
October 23-November 21: Scorpios
November 22-December 20: Sagittarius
December 21-January 19: Capricorns
January 20-February 17: Aquarius
February 18-March 19: Pisces

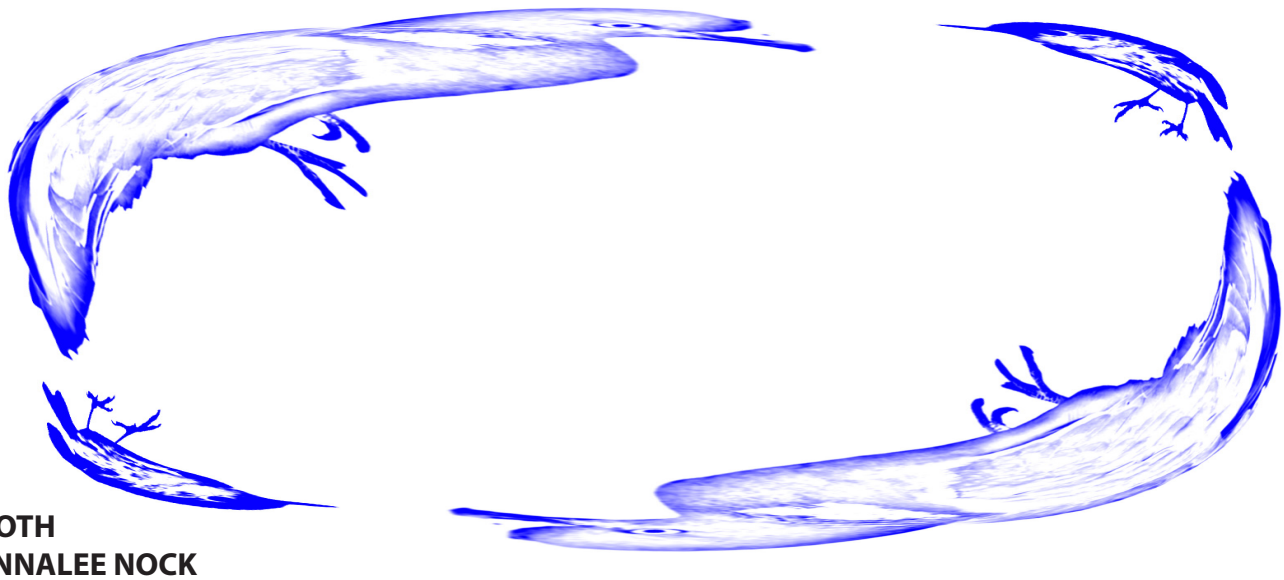
SHIRT COLOR

White: Have a sixth sense that could never, ever be explained
Red: Can sometimes appear thick skinned and unemotional
Patterned: Fall too fast, care too easily and care too much
Green: Will never let you know what they are thinking
Blue: Worries and worries
Black: Are very strong mentally, they don't like to be seen as weak
Pink: Are the calm type
Grey: Come across as mean
Other: Are very warm and caring

WHO WOULD YOU INDICT?

Woody Allen: But lovers get to see a kind and sensitive heart underneath
Hillary Clinton: This is their blessing and their curse
45: But a random little thing can set them off
Putin: Behind those deep eyes
Brock Turner: They're able to sense things that others cannot
Nikolas Cruz: But once you tick them off they can literally go from fire to ice
Benjamin Netanyahu: But if you get to know them are actually the sweetest people ever
Michael H. Schill: And it really sucks sometimes
Scott Pruitt: But keeps a lot to themselves so they don't worry others

Give It To The Bird Vortex



art **ELI ROTH**
words **ANNALEE NOCK**

START

Pour yourself a drink!

HIRONS

You've been banned for shoplifting! Come up with a quick disguise or sit out the rest of the game.

Choose a partner to get stuck to! Both will follow each other's rules, start with drinking once.

I LOVE ROCKS

Charge your crystals in the full moon, finish and replenish your drink!

Moonrise Kingdom

Drink with everyone of a different gender

Knock on your neighbor's door to

TRICK OR TREAT!

The player to your left decides your fate.

Your mom got you this lava lamp for your party but you forgot to plug it in! Everyone drink once while you wait.

GOD it's SO rich and SO tasty!!!!!!

Drink twice and miss your next turn…

CHEBA HUT

You're stoned and trying to order! Roll! 1-3: Nobody knows what you're talking about, drink + roll again! 4-6: They get the sandwich, but your turn doesn't end until you also order chips and a drink.

HI WELCOME TO MY DRINKING GAME THE INSTRUCTIONS ARE SIMPLE:

1. ROLL A DIE
2. MOVE YOUR PAWN
3. FOLLOW THE INSTRUCTIONS ON THE KITSHCY KITSCHY SPACE

AND BE SURE TO JOIN US NEXT TIME FOR

THE

INFINITE

ISSUE

THE VIRGIN SUICIDES

Drink with everyone of your gender then move back two spaces.

Be Kind, Rewind!

All players repeat the most recent rule.

Welcome to the Tillamook Cheese Factory!

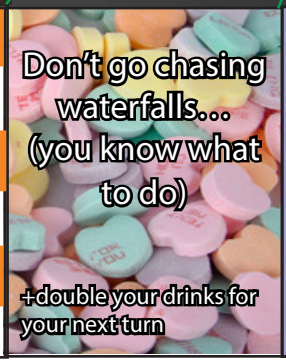
take a SHOT for every time you've been (3 max pls don't die)

Art imitates life imitates art. Take a shot unless you know who painted this.

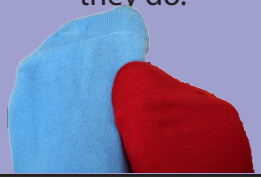
Fishnets are back drink once if you've worn them, twice if it wasn't tights.

Perform three Juno quotes then take a shot to wash out the twee.

Move back 8 spaces if you fail.



Drink twice if your socks don't match, go back to start if they do.

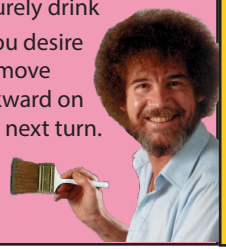


Red Robin

Roll until you get an odd number and drink once for every even number you rolled.

There are no mistakes, just happy accidents!

Leisurely drink as you desire but move backward on your next turn.



Take a drink for every pattern you are wearing. If you are the first to land here, make a rule; violations result in a drink.

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THE KITSCH ISSUE

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